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THE NEW UNITY

For Good Citizenship, Good Literature and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

WAY & WILLIAMS,
PUBLISHERS.

CHICAGO, MARCH 5, 1896.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 34.
NEW SERIES, VOL. 3.

Original Draft.

#

The Bibliomaniac's Prayer.

x

Keep me, O Lord, in wisdom's way

That I may know the eternal seek -

I need thy gracious care today -

My purse is light, my flesh is weak.

Direct me in the godly walk

Which leads away from bookish strife,

That I with fervor deed and talk

May extra illustrate my life.

And banish from my erring heart

All sinful appetites and hints

Of Satan's fascinating art,

Of first editions and of prints.

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But if, O Lord, it pleases thee

To keep me in temptation's way,

I humbly ask that I may be

Best most notably today;

Let this temptation be a book

Which I may have and hold and keep,

Whereon when other men shall look

They'll say I picked it up too cheap;

And let it such a volume be

As in rare copper plates abounds -

Large paper copy, clean to see,

Unsent, unique, unknown to London.

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Jan. 23rd 1889

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WAY & WILLIAMS,

MONADNOCK BLOCK.

CHICAGO.

THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME 3.

THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1896.

NUMBER I.



these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.—From *Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies*.

Editorial.

No man is so foolish, but may give another good counsel sometimes; and no man is so wise, but may easily err, if he will take no other's counsel but his own. But very few men are wise by their own counsel; or learned by their own teaching. For he that was only taught by himself had a fool to his master.

Ben Jonson.

In assuming charge of the publication of *The New Unity*, we feel that there is little for us to add to the eloquent words of the managing editor. He is so good as to take upon himself the heaviest part of the burden, and to leave to us, chiefly, the management of the mechanical details of the paper. In this work we shall strive for a constant improvement, and to make the form appropriate to the high purposes of the editor,—in keeping with the elevation of citizenship, and the promotion of good literature.

THE PUBLISHERS.

EIGHTEENTH YEAR.

Once more we come to our annual editorial greeting, and we come to it, as on so many previous occasions, with a hopeful advance, with a new face and new publishers. In taking leave of our old publishers, Bloch & Newman, we desire to bear testimony to their uniform kindness, good-will and sacrificing loyalty to the interests of *The New Unity*. Their venture fell on hard times and spite of their diligent efforts they could not see their way clear to continue on terms that were feasible to the Unity Publishing Company. We take leave of them with a hearty good-will, knowing that we leave in their hands our fellow laborer, the Reform Advocate, to which they can now give their undivided attention, and for which we hope a large success.

Having taken kindly leave of our old, we take great pleasure in presenting our new publishers, Way &

Williams, a firm that has taken to itself the high task of putting good literature into good form. Although a young house, they already have a list of books that is attractive. They are in intellectual and business touch with the best elements in Western life, and they are energetically engaged in giving these elements expression.

The Unity Publishing Company congratulates itself and the readers of *The New Unity* upon this alliance. We trust it will greatly increase the attractiveness, variety and usefulness of its paper by an enrichment on the literary and book side such as its new publishers will certainly give it. While we hope to make it more an organ of good literature, a better advocate of those things that make for good citizenship and intelligent homes, we will more than ever stand fast to the central purpose which brought *Unity* into being eighteen years ago, viz., the interpreting of religion in terms of life and not in terms of dogma, standing ever for the great banner words of "Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion." *The New Unity* will continue to give unwavering support to undenominational religion as expressed in the ideal and activities of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies. Our globe will continue to be belted with "Humanity" and rimmed with "Knowledge, Justice, Love and Reverence." We are glad to reiterate in this connection the words from the Congress charter: We will aim—

"To foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future."

We will not disguise the fact that this one more push forward has been accomplished as preceding ones, by the deliberate and heavy sacrifice on the part of the few friends of *The New Unity*, represented by the Unity Publishing Company, and there was not wanting friendly counsel that advised the abandonment of the field because sacrifice had made its full demand, but the widening prospects suggested by advantageous publishers promptly evoked still more sacrifice. But, friends, neither Way & Williams, nor the Unity Publishing Company nor the editorial staff can make the larger paper, the wider constituency, the more solid foundation hoped for unless they are to be reinforced by the readers' co-operation.

In the future as in the past the editorial work is to be a gratuity. Of the loyal band who stood by the senior editor at the outset there is none now left to bear the burden except himself alone. Many of them have won the high release, and, passing on, have bequeathed the unfinished task to others; others, dis-

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persed geographically, immersed in home cares and local duties, find no margin of strength left; some, to help on this paper venture, perhaps distrustful of the later purposes and methods of *The New Unity*, loving *Unity*, as in some way the representative of Unitarianism, more than *The New Unity*, which in every way refuses even this loved word as a measure of its fellowship or a denominational limit, not but that the old spirit was the same as the new, the thought was the same, the theory was the same, but the practice was very different. Here *The New Unity* represents the actual co-operation to a certain extent which before existed only in theory. We hail the free spirits as our own in Trinitarian as in Unitarian lines, in non-Christians as in Christian fellowships.

Eighteen years old and yet young. The gravest thing about *The New Unity* is its editor and he confidently appeals to his young associates to help him with contributions on living topics, with news from the wider field, everything, anything that marks the progress of the world.

Lastly, we appeal to every reader to take a hand in the push forward by finding us at least one new subscriber. This is not easy these hard times, but it is the easiest way for us to double our list. Commercially speaking, newspaper men say it takes a dollar to add a dollar to the subscription list of the paper. We have not five thousand dollars to invest in order to add five thousand to our subscription list, but we have twenty-five hundred souls in whose hands we put ours, and these souls could, if they would, find us twenty-five hundred subscribers.

As it has happened before, the editor in charge will be absent from the city while the initial numbers under the new management will be put forth. Hence we crave the indulgence of our readers. Gradually the new adjustment will be made, the change in form be more than justified and *The New Unity* be a better home paper and life helper than ever before. Help us and we will help you.

It is the purpose of the present publishers of *The New Unity* to improve the appearance of the paper by the introduction of new features from time to time. The original draft of the late Mr. Eugene Field's "Bibliomaniac's Prayer," which appears on the first page of the present issue, will be followed by other facsimiles, to appear in the appropriate columns. With the issue of March 12, we hope to present the first of a series of portraits that should prove of interest to our readers.

From one whose service has not been so inadequate as his words imply.—"Greetings to *The New Unity*. It inspires one to work and hope for Truth, Righteousness and Love."

From Michigan.—"Every step you take seems an advance."

From Kansas.—"*The New Unity* is my Sunday comfort and consolation."

From Vermont again.—"Small in size but large in spirit, an interpreter of human duty. I cannot do my duty and not continue to read it and loan it to others. My greatest wonder is how so much and so good work can be given for so small a price."

From Salem, Mass.—"It is the only paper that comes to hand that I read entire."

A woman reader in New York.—"From time to time I have had the privilege of seeing numbers of

The New Unity. I have come to regard it as representing the healthiest view of liberal religious thought."

From the pastor of an Independent Church.—"I will be glad to help distribute *The New Unity*."

From Ohio.—"Without the cheerful breeze that *The New Unity* weekly brings to my habitation, I would stifle in this close atmosphere. Long live *The New Unity*."

From a California invalid.—"*The New Unity* has been an oasis in my desert life."

From Wisconsin.—"Your paper opened my blind eyes."

Another from California.—"I like you exceedingly."

Another from Massachusetts.—"With your other good things give us a column of pleasantries now and then."

From Oregon.—"I thank you for your kindness in sending the dear *New Unity* to me right along though I have been unable to pay for it."

From the Pacific Slope.—"So much reading that my boys delight in. I cannot afford to drop my subscription."

From an Indiana physician.—"*The New Unity* keeps me in touch and sympathy with the liberal movement. I have a warm feeling for it and its work."

From a Scandinavian.—"I am one with you. I am sending sample copies to Sweden."

From a Unitarian minister.—"I hope *The New Unity* may be increased and strengthened in its noble and valuable work."

From Florida.—"*The New Unity* is one of my actual needs."

From another friend.—"It improves as it ceases to be denominational and becomes more a family paper."

The pastor of a People's Church.—"*The New Unity* deserves the support of those who believe in the good work which the Liberal Congress was formed to further."

From New York.—"We want to tell you that the increased recognition of the idea emphasized in the Liberal Congress and elsewhere on the part of *The New Unity* greatly pleases us."

From a San Francisco banker.—"I have immense appreciation of your paper. I consider it the best of the kind I know anything about; shall always speak a good word for it."

From an Ann Arbor University student.—"I cannot do without *The New Unity*. It stands for the pure and the true."

From an Indianapolis wage earner.—"When I read your paper I ask myself, 'Why do I neglect it so.' Be assured I will not forget you."

Another Hoosier.—"*The New Unity* is a stimulant, tonic and sedative, all at the same time to me. I find in it encouragement, hope and sympathy."

We do not often take our readers so much into our confidence or violate the dictates of modesty, but in getting ready to make a new push altogether and in the face of much criticism from those who differ from us, and some discouragement on the part of those who

agree with us, we venture to make the above citations out of a measureless supply.

From North Dakota.—“The beautiful and helpful thoughts of *The New Unity* make this country less lonesome.”

From Mendota, Ill.—“*The New Unity* ought to be in the family of every one who loves truth more than tradition, religion more than theology, Christlikeness more than Christianity.”

From Missouri.—“Never did I have such a good return from the money invested as that spent in the subscription to *The New Unity*; sorry I did not know it earlier. It is not large, but full of thought. To those who would work not for the creed but for the deed, not confession but conduct, this paper is a great comfort.”

A school teacher in New York State.—“I would not know how to keep house without it. It is a relief to turn from so much dogmatism to the ever kindly and helpful utterances of *The New Unity*.”

An Iowa farmer.—“It will be a cold day when I give up *The New Unity*.”

The principal of a private school in the state of New York, sending names of friends to whom he wishes *The New Unity* to be sent, writes: “This paper I prize more than any other extant. Its presence is as ‘the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.’ Its coming is a benediction. Its new form is worthy of its merit and its spirit.”

We will strive to make it still more worthy this man's confidence.

In this initial number of the new series, we may be pardoned if we let one reader encourage another. A gentleman from Omaha writes: “It is with great pleasure that I once again renew my subscription to the most helpful paper I have ever taken. I think it grows better every year, if that be possible for a paper that has always been so good. History proves that the lot of those who would make the world brighter and better it not always a pleasant one, but you are making progress, the heaven is working. You are laying sure foundations. I hope to see the cause for which *The New Unity* band is battling triumphant. If it is long in coming, let us not forget that great things are of slow growth.”

What other folks say of us:

A Vermonter.—“You are doing a grand work, holding the banner of true liberty and toleration aloft to be seen and known by all thinking souls. Long may it wave to strengthen and unite the bonds of fraternal love.”

We have recently been asked to sign a call for a Universal Congress of Religions to be held in Delhi, India. S. S. Nusrat Ali, proprietor of a Mohammedan journal, seems to be the promotor, the purpose and inspiration of which is so clearly set forth in the circular that we gladly print it entire in our Congress Department. We send our greetings to this Islamic brother who is working so independently of the brotherhood of men.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

CAN WE TRUST THE PEOPLE?

The admirers of Herbert Spencer were compelled to place *First Principles* in contrast with his last volume *Justice*, and mournfully say, “The power has gone out of our Samson.” He not only in the latter shows the lapse of intellectual power, but he goes back on his earlier principles, and indignantly denies the logical consistency of the conclusions to which he came in his prime. Had he published *Justice* when he published *First Principles*, it is unnecessary to say he would never have been widely read, or attained a place as the founder of the school of most advanced philosophy. His data is meager, and badly selected, and much of it unreliable; his moral conclusions empty of morals; and his reversal of his former conclusions dangerous to the whole system that he had built. Mr. Spencer has lived a dyspeptic life as a bachelor, until he is unable longer to control his physical woes, and rise above the logic of the stomach and toes.

His reviewers have been kindly disposed, even when listening to something quite like pessimism; because while kicking over his earlier philosophy, he has in one or two instances corrected early errors. But Mr. Spencer is not content to have published *Justice*, the crown of his pyramid; while destroying the fundament, he persists in repeating his old age crotchets in every appearance before the public. His more recent Review Articles emphasize peculiarly his lack of faith or loss of faith in the people. Woman he relegates to the submissive kitchen and chamber of her lordly husband; and the masses must be governed for their own good by somebody. He does not make it quite clear who this somebody is. Is it such a body as the English House of Lords?

It is a question of supreme importance for us Americans to decide whether our experiment of popular government is a real success. Alexander Hamilton prophesied that democracy would be our ruin. He urged more government. The New England Federalists were fond of talking about “A Government of the Best.” The people were considered incapable of exercising the functions of government without the oversight and advice of a select class. The composition of this class was not so easily defined and assured. But there were many who were thoroughly self-assured of their birthright or education-right or profession-right to a place among the leaders. A few were merely “born leaders”—men of genius like Hamilton or Burr. But Pickering and Cabot and Wolcott and Strong and Griswold were samples of the social element whose solemn responsibility was not to let the people do themselves damage. Republicanism was looked upon as a wicked Jacobinism. These fellows to save the Union from ruin in 1803-4 undertook to separate New England and New York as a separate Northern Confederacy. To accomplish this they formed an alliance with Aaron Burr, whom they tried to elect to governor of New York; after which he was to be the chief of the new select élite government of the best.

On the whole history does not encourage us very strongly to look for the ideal government to kings, lords, priests, or select aristocrats. If the people fail of self-government it will be a sorry day for the world. There is one small volume that I always keep near my hand; it is Wendell Phillips' “Scholar in a Republic”—his Phi Beta Kappa oration before Harvard. It was meant to be a lesson for those diletanti scholars

who believed that there must be a government of "the best." It was a lesson that went home. He began with this from Disraeli:

"The people, sir! are not always right."

"The people, Mr. Grey, are not often wrong."

He tells how Motley in his early life "grew up in the thin air of Boston provincialism" and lost faith in free institutions. He said, "What can become of a country with such fellows as these making laws? No safe investments; your good name lied away any how, and little worth keeping if it were not." But Motley spent five years in Europe and came back. His first exclamation was, "You were right, Phillips! I was wrong. It is a country worth dying for!" Europe made him believe that the government of the people with all its defects is the best possible government on earth—and a government worth the best energies of good men.

Affairs just now show some disagreeable features. In Congress we have a large percentage of ignorance; and a larger of jingoism. We have bribery and corruption enough to sicken a weak conscience; and what touches us just as sorely, our legislators are entirely ready for a vast amount of class legislation. Our people belong to parties more distinctly than to the country; and large, broad, national or humane views of government are wretchedly uncommon. The readiness of our "rulers" to plunge into war—an ignorant, stupid, fatal war at that—alarms us. Yet there is not the least doubt but from 1800 to 1896 we have steadily gained in intelligence, morals and good government. Read the history of the first ten years of our nation after the constitution was formed, and you will agree we have never had such misrule since—such brutality, such appeals to the mob, such despotic laws, such selfishness, such dishonor. It was the effort of "the best" to rule. It ended in the "Sedition and Alien Acts," under which any man who criticised the administration was arrested, imprisoned, and fined; if a foreigner, was deported. Thomas Jefferson in 1800 was elected as the man of the people. He said that "in the long run the people can with confidence be trusted to correct their own errors." He believed in the capacity of the people to govern themselves. So did Jesus. The result has been such as to show that faith in human nature is not misplaced confidence. Pessimism must never be indulged. Optimism is the first great duty of every honest man in Church and in State.

E. P. POWELL.

A UNIVERSAL CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS.

A CALL.

There is no doubt that every moderately instructed person often asks himself the puzzling questions whether God has revealed to man any way of salvation, and if it is revealed whether it is found only in one religion out of so many or in all in a greater or less degree.

To these confusing questions surely no authoritative and decisive answer can be given. In Chicago the first attempt to answer these questions was made and the representatives of various religions were gathered together so that they might, in a friendly manner, have the opportunity of discovering the truths latent or expressed in all the religions of the world. For the same reason it seems desirable that a congress be held in India, the Mother of religions, in the city of Delhi, the famous old capital where the representatives of every religion are always found.

AIMS AND OBJECTS.

(1) To bring together the eminent and leading representatives of all religions of the world with a view to enable them to expound the merits of, and the funda-

mental truths underlying, their respective religions.

(2) To give these representatives an opportunity of acquainting themselves with the main principles of every religion and thereby enabling them to judge how far each religion is based on true and unimpeachable principles.

(3) To ascertain what practical, social and moral effects each religion has produced upon the community professing it.

(4) To set forth how far the doctrines of each religion are in conformity with reason, science and the laws of nature, and to expound its natural philosophy and theology.

(5) To trace the origin of each religion and to scrutinize the system followed in the preservation of its traditions.

(6) To show, in an exhaustive manner, the various religious teachings each has in common.

(7) To enable the representatives of the various religions to draw conclusions as to the merits or demerits of the various religions, not in an antagonistic, but in a truth-seeking spirit.

(8) To collect and bring to a focus the opinion of all the classes represented, on all matters affecting their spiritual, moral and social welfare, and to endeavor to remove all superstitious ideas and false beliefs, and kindle in them a desire to embrace truth and forsake the opposite.

(9) To bring the nations of the earth into a close union and fellowship, in the hope of securing permanent national peace and confidence among them.—
From the *Nusrat Press*, Delhi.

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid!"

FINIS.

BY ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.

Even for you I shall not weep
When I at last, at last am dead,
Nor turn and sorrow in my sleep
Though you should linger overhead.

Even of you I shall not dream
Beneath the waving graveyard grass;
One with the soul of wind and stream
I shall not heed you if you pass.

Even for you I would not wake,
Too bitter were the tears I knew,
Too dark the road I needs must take—
The road that winds away from you.

UNITY;

OR, THE LIFE IN COMMON.

A sermon preached at All Souls Church, Chicago, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, February 23, 1896.

"Likewise I say unto you that there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

LUKE XV:10

This is too great a text to be bandied about as a proof text concerning some dogma about what we call "the future life" or "another world." It is a masterful grasp of the sublime law of spiritual unity. It is a section out of the great statute book of the universe. It is the insight of a soul so great that it had no use for any "other side of the river." We are on that side now. We are already in the land of the immortals, dealing with eternal verities, building on undying realities. To the great prophet souls time is a part of eternity. Jesus apparently believed in but one life, and that the eternal one. One world was all he

knew of and cared for and that the world of spirit in which we now live, the boundless realm of the true. The scientist knows that every particle and planet in the physical universe are closely linked in the embrace of the infinite law of gravitation. So the scientist of the soul teaches in this text as elsewhere that in the spirit realm in the universe of thought and life, all are knit together by the undying law of love. Herbert Spencer in his sociology conceives of human society as a vital organism with its co-ordinate parts of head, hands and feet united by common nutrition and mutual interests. Paul anticipated him in his comparison of the Christian church to the human body. Jesus, with a bolder word than either, linked in sympathetic kinship the sentient beings of all worlds. He left us not only to infer a common life between Chinaman and European, between Protestant and Catholic, between Christian and pagan, but a common life running through heaven, earth and hell, wherever and however these terms are to be interpreted. He taught us that the joy that cheers the mortal makes glad the immortal; the triumph that strengthens the sinners thrills the angel. In this fifteenth chapter of Luke Jesus rebukes the egoism of his time, the narrowness of his people. Then the Scribe loved to distinguish himself from his fellow and the Pharisee delighted, as the name implies, to separate himself from his kind. They magnified chasms, they created impassable gulfs. They would have us believe that publican and sinner were a great way off from them, their welfare a matter of indifference to them. With them, they held naught in common. But Jesus threw his picket line around them all and declared that the angels of God were interested in and connected with the farthest publican and the poorest sinner. To the priests in the temple, the solitary soul of his day perhaps counted for little enough, for were not the priests planning, writing, speaking, working for the restoration of a glorious Jewish throne, for the reuniting of the dismembered bands of Israel? Jesus said that the solitary soul had a market value in the exchanges of God; that the happiness of the archangel was linked with these solitary souls' happiness.

There is a disposition to-day as then to value souls in quantities and handle them in parcels. Our philosophies deal with them in the aggregate. Even our churches are prone to weigh souls upon scales made only to weigh their purses. Oftentimes there is more rejoicing over the building of a church, the staining of a window, than the ennobling of a life or the enriching of an intellect, because, forsooth, in these former counts has there not been something accomplished, something done, a point made, tangible results attained? May our text release us from this spirit blindness and enable us to recognize the Godly likeness and the Christly relation, the angelic kinship found in the kind word, embedded in the helpful thought, incarnated in the lifting hand, and these are possible and are perpetually realized in the small and weak children of earth.

How reads the text: "Angels rejoice over one sinner that repenteth!" This is not rhapsody. This is science. It is but tardy recognition of a commonplace and universal fact. Angelic ones in the body or out of it, breathe they the air of Earth or of Neptune, call them children of earth or children of heaven, make them citizens of the kingdom of men or the kingdom of God, it matters not, must rejoice in every true thing felt and done, not simply because it is good and true in itself, but because it has a germinal value, it is creative, pro-creative, it generates other lives like unto itself. It is dynamic, moving, continuous, perpetual. All this is discoverable to the pure in heart, seen by those who have the insight. It was this insight that made Jesus the prophet of souls, the redeemer of sinners, the savior of men. The children he dandled upon his

knees were more than children, as every child born of woman since his day is more than child. The oak lies in the acorn. So manly heroism, womanly fortitude, angelic affections lie cradled in every bit of helpless innocence that nestles at mothers' breasts. When the artist paints a child as a sleeping cherub, smiling at the whispers of unseen angels in its ears, it comes far nearer to the scientific truth of the matter than the man of physics who catalogues the phosphates and weighs the solids and the liquids that enter into its body. The latter explains the dependency of that child upon food, air and water. It is well. The other touches the hidden yearnings, the intangible loves, the unmeasured potencies of will and thought upon which the economist himself basis all his calculations. Of course the angels rejoice over one sinner repented because they at least know something of his far-reaching power. They know something of the glory of the oak while it is still an acorn. They must believe in the harvest and seed sowing time. The prophetic eye, wherever it may be, by whomsoever possessed, is the angel eye and for us, we may get a firmer grasp of angelhood if we think of such an eye serving a human body. For argument's sake, for clear reasoning, we would better think of mantled rather than of dismantled angels.

When the Isaiahs and Jeremiahs were struggling with idolatry, contending with polytheism, striving to lay the foundations of monotheism, the thought of God as one and that one as pervasive order, as regnant right; when Jesus wept over rebellious Jerusalem and fain would gather in his arms the wayward children of men, even as a hen gathereth her chickens; when Paul braved dangers by land and sea from Damascus to Athens and from Corinth to Jerusalem again; when Luther nailed his propositions upon the chapel door at Wittenburg; when the Pilgrim band turned the prow of the May Flower westward upon the untried Atlantic: the daughters of Judah must have trembled for the safety if not the sanity of their prophets; officials remonstrated and peasants pitied Jesus; the scholars of Athens and dignitaries of Ephesus must have seen something very ridiculous in the apostolic fervor of Paul, the little man, mean of presence, with a "thorn in the flesh." Many of Luther's neighbors deemed him a foolish monk, obstinate about trifles, and Europe laughed at the crazy little craft, the May Flower, and its more crazy freight, bent on their foolhardy adventure. But we now see full clearly how there must have been joy among the angels of God over all these, because they saw or might have seen the sort of triumphs that were to come, the majesty of monotheism, the secure faith in an unbroken and undivided law which is love and the love which is law. They saw civilization tempered by the Calvary triumph. They saw the apostle building grander than he knew. They saw the ever lengthening shadow of Martin Luther as he "Serenely stood and down the future saw the golden beam incline

To the side of perfect justice mastered by his faith divine,
By this man's plain truth to manhood and to God's supreme design."

As the prow of the May Flower ploughed the waves, they saw a new world peopled with devotees of a larger freedom and a wider fellowship.

Is there not joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth? What if Washington and his fellow patriots could have been permitted to have looked beyond the veil that concealed the century? What if they could have seen crowding toward them Charles Sumner, Lloyd Garrison and Abraham Lincoln? Would not the vision have been so overpowering that, like the vision of the Almighty that broke upon Moses in the story, they must have sought shelter in the crevice of the rock, or it would have killed them? Verily, there is joy in

the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth, for every triumph of the individual augments the strength of the whole, every achievement of the one is a contribution to the many. The mother that out of her faithful love consecrates her life to her children; the young man who dares evade the road to unscrupulous wealth; the man who scorns the shallow requirements of the profligate's society; the young woman who is afraid to be idle but not afraid to be sensible in dress and in manners; the man who refuses to take account of his prejudices or even of his selfish preferences; the man who stands by a losing cause so long as it is a righteous one; he who rushes into the line at the point where it is weakest and throws his body into the gap where the column wavers; he who does the thing that does not pay because it does not pay, things that pay can take care of themselves—these are the ones that gladden the hearts of the angels, steady the line of progress, keep aloft the tottering banner and contribute most to the blessed life in common; strengthening a part, they strengthen the whole. By rounding out the unit to its maximum, touching it with the completeness of the divine, they help establish the divine unit, the one in all.

Men and women in their blindness are so prone to pity the faithful mother, call her a drudge and a slave, working for her children and her home. They predict a time when she will repent of her self denial; they foresee a time when no one will take care of her who did not take care for herself. She herself may have many fears that her work is vain, but the angels of God do surely rejoice, for they see the beneficent influence that flows from such divine altruism.

The young man may be voted stupid by his fellows, suspected by his elders of not being very smart when he refuses to let opportunity wait upon his selfish interest and when his thirst for nobility outreaches his greed for success, and he chooses humble defeat or obscure failure on high lines to conspicuous success and easy popularity on low lines. But the angels of God must rejoice over the foundations of a noble manhood that are thus being laid, for manhood is the crying need of the world and manliness is the enduring wealth of life, integrity the only capital that cannot be taken away and never depreciates.

That young woman may be despised by a few, pitied by more, ignored by many and neglected by all, who prefers plainness to display, simplicity to ostentation, a well furnished mind to a stylish wardrobe, helpfulness to influence, in love with goodness rather than in love with style. She prefers to frequent the haunts of the miserable to parading and pluming herself in society, but the angels of God, wherever or whoever they may be, must rejoice over such, for they see there the shaping of the peerless gem, the noblest ornament worn on the bosom of humanity—a woman—modest, pure, true, the peerless diamond, a soul of the first water. Such a man as I have spoken of may not win at a political caucus and may lose votes on election day, but the angels will rejoice for they witness his election by acclamation as a captain in the bodyguard of truth. He is elected a member in the communion of saints.

Let us read the text large. If it means anything it means that every good impulse, every right deed, reaches the highest heaven; every humble act fits into the larger unity, the infinite universe of God. The text finds its ultimate lesson established by the most exact of the sciences. There are small things in the universe of God, but there are no unimportant things. There are slight things but there are no valueless things. If there were, then God is not. The text is exemplified by Carlyle's favorite figure—a stone thrown into the ocean by a child's hand, gives rise to wavelets that never die. On and on they travel in increasing circlets, until they touch the farthest shore, and there they die not, but the

impulse is communicated to sandy beach, gravelly bed and granite rock and on through the measureless fields of law. This illustration is physical, but the spiritual application of the same is absolutely reliable, for well does Emerson say "the laws above are twin sisters to the laws beneath."

We cannot evade this law; we must not flinch in its presence. The omnipotence of God confronts us in it. Let us stand reverently in his presence. Every moral impulse, though it be but the feeble struggle of an infant soul, is large enough to touch eternity, heavy enough to bend the heavens, strong enough to bring the kingdom a little nearer.

This law of ethical unity, this larger unity of life, is capable of verification from the other side. Maybe this verification will touch us if that has failed. If there be joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth, the counterpart must be true, not only joy over good done, but tears over wrong committed. These also touch that life in common through time into eternity. If some build wiser than they know and thereby gladden the life higher than we know, how many, many lay the foundations of baser things than they dream of and thus sadden the life and thwart the purposes in higher realms than we can understand.

Dean Stanley in one of his books, describes a monument erected by the dukes of Burgundy in the Middle Ages, that has escaped the wrecks and convulsions of French history and has come down to the present time. It consists of a group of Old Testament prophets, each holding in his hand a scroll of mourning taken from his own writing. Each differs from the other in the peculiarities of his age and character; each sorrows over the particular sins of his own times and the immediate consequences that are likely to follow to his loved Israel. But just above this circle of prophets is a circle of angels overlooking the scrolls of woe in the hands of the prophets below. They are saddened with a deeper sorrow than the prophets themselves, for the prophets fear pestilence, drought, invasions of the Assyrians; they are solicitous for the safety of the Hebrew nations. While the angels, each as like to each as the prophets are different to each, grieve over the life in common, the larger community that is maimed by the sins the prophets see. They mourn over the higher sorrows of heaven; they suffer over the violation of eternal law, the dwarfing of immortal souls. They mourn because the progress of humanity is impeded by these sins. The angels see what the Hebrew seers see not; they foresee the persecutions, the gibbet, the cross, the fagots, the bigotry and the sectarianism as the ripened fruit of the hardness and the narrowness recorded upon these scrolls. This mediæval monument illustrates the inner truth of my text for all times. The rabble of Jerusalem nineteen hundred years ago fretted under the Roman yoke. They cast unholy glances forward in expectation of a military Messiah, while at that very moment a Messiah, diviner than they understood, looked down from his spiritual heights and wept for them. The insight that discloses heavenly possibilities must also reveal the antagonisms of the better life. He who sees in the repentant sinner the joy of an angel, cannot close his eyes to the deceitfulness of a hypocrite, the fickleness of a Peter and the treachery of a Judas. Did we have this open vision, would we not shed tears over many things that we are now in the habit of laughing over, and would we not be smitten with sorrow over many things that now amuse and entertain us.

About the middle of the seventeenth century a European thoughtlessly planted a seed found in a stuffed bird from Canada; as a result, the farmer all over Europe is troubled with the irrepressible horse or butter weed, the *Erigeron Canadense*. Canadian emi-

grants, carelessly feeding their horses as they journeyed through some parts of Wisconsin, seventy years ago, left the seed of the Canada thistle that has become so defiant an enemy to the farmer as to necessitate strictest legal enactments for its suppression.

Darwin has called attention to the office of birds in the wide distribution of plants; in a quantity of mud attached to the foot of a partridge, seeds were found from which eighty-two plants germinated. Wallace tells us of how a seed that was found in the gizzard of a Cape Petrel which must have been gathered four hundred and fifty miles away from that spot. The black snow, which was the sensation of the last week here in Chicago, represents dust borne hither on the wings of the wind from great distances perchance. Illustrations might be multiplied indefinitely. The law holds good in spirit as in matter. Angels must weep over seeds of evil that are so carelessly sown every day. See that boy yielding to his first cigarette. He thinks it of no moral import, he "can stop any time." Men laugh, even women sometimes joke and talk about the "sowing of wild oats." But to those who have foresight born of insight, tears fall upon this sowing. They know how swift the logic of indulgence sweeps a tainted youth into a dissipated manhood. Remember the confession of Mirabeau,—"the coming years rise up to disinherit the succeeding ones." The woman of petty gossip, the peddler of idle talk who amuses herself with the deepest feelings of young men and women, calls it "joking," but the angels weep over such wayward sowing of the seed which will grow slander, ripen into falsehood. This flippant joking with delicate sentiments is the beginning of that sensual leer that ends in the profligate's touch and the blighting fire of sensuality. The air we have to breathe is not tainted with the ever present noxious fumes of cigar or pipe so badly as is the spiritual atmosphere poisoned by these small moral defiances, these petty sneers against the law of love and rectitude. By these are the moral forces of society paralyzed; our good intentions grow stagnant and our children multiply and intensify our indulgences.

"Oh, there's not a crime
But takes its proper change out still in crime
If once rung on the counter of this world.
Let sinners look to it."

Oh, the violence we do this life in common; the indignities we offer this higher unity by our petty violations of the moral law; by simply ignoring the high standards of character in the domain of what we flatter ourselves to be minor matters or matters of mere business. I mean the spending so much of our lives outside the consecrated realm of conscience as if there was a Godless Limbo in which the larger portion of our days and hours may be spent, where right and wrong do not count, where "business is business," the devil's maxim.

Business is not business. It is degradation to self and damnation to others, when it is not done in the presence of the ever-exacting law of right; when it is not the investment of time, thought, skill, money for the enrichment not of self, but of the world; for the advancement not primarily of the bank account but for the advancement of those things for which a bank account alone should exist. You and I have no business to make or save a dollar, to write or preach a sermon, except in so far as it is done with the conscious purpose of ennobling life and of enlarging the world. Let us call things by their right names that we may not deceive ourselves. This is the infidelity that threatens our age. This is the only damaging skepticism, that which doubts the vitality of spiritual laws, that which questions the practicality of the laws of rectitude and honor, that which has no reverence for the loving, omnipresent God, who records every meanness, tallies every disloyalty. This is the binding ma-

terialism that makes us slaves to figures, to bulks, to percentages and to footings, independent of the bearing of these same figures and footings upon the law of character and the divine grasp of unity. This meddling gossip, that needless slander, the unnecessary, unadorned and particularly the unpaid-for ribbon, the tainted breath, the unsympathizing word, the cynical look by father or by mother, by husband or by wife, by neighbor or by citizen, will inevitably bring forth its fruit, perhaps a hundred fold in itself, in child, in the life in common throughout time into eternity. Every such violence mars the beauty of the human and the divine unity. Well may angels weep, for weep would we could we see as they see.

I have preached this sermon for my own strengthening more than for yours. I have consulted this oracular text, hoping that thereby I might take new counsel concerning things that are worth doing in the world and find the safe estimate of what pays. This word "unity" has been on my lips so often in my ministry that I have feared that both preacher and audience have become hardened to it. Eighteen years ago a few of us placed this word as the banner word for a little printed messenger which we meant to send out into the world to promulgate the truth involved. That little paper has gone far and near with its message, more or less clearly uttered, more or less clearly understood. These eighteen years this paper has lain as a holy burden upon my heart, my strength and my time. All these years it has never paid and it does not pay now, and probably never will, according to the book-keeper's estimate of what pays. But will I abandon the mission? Will we withdraw our support as long as we know that it has and does ameliorate dogmatism; so long as we know that it has and does cheer the lonely, carry companionship to the isolated, sustain private hearts in their solitudes and guide a few lives in their quest for what is excellent? I have spoken of this personal perplexity of mine that it may symbolize the perplexity of all, the problems of every life. How this rendering of the word "unity," this interpretation of the life in common widens the mission of the preacher, enlarges the scope of the church and sanctifies the message of religion.

There is but one world and that is the infinite one, God's kingdom goes the entire round. No death, sect, creed, sin or devil can wrench us from the embrace of this unity, this life in common. Not until a link in the endless chain of omnipotence is snapped asunder, can I or you drop into any hell that is outside of this divine destiny, where the infinite unity does not reach. And there is no service, bible, book, church walls or Sabbath day that can be more sacred than the office, the home, the ledger, the kitchen, the pantry, the raiment from the sole of our feet to the crown of our heads, ought to be.

Under this law heaven is no longer a basket picnic where each is allowed to enjoy his own dainties and delicacies indifferent to and independent of the hungry masses outside and below; but it is the great table whereon is placed the repast prepared by the entire community and if there be not enough to go around, the rations of each will be meager.

We cannot in this race for excellence leave the hindmost in the charge of any devil, for like the prisoner in the poem, the putrid body of the lowest and coarsest is chained by God's own hand to the ankle of the most loving, and he must drag it with him or redeem his brother.

There is a story told of an artist who was employed to carve the statue of a popular hero; he labored diligently and long at his task. At last the unveiling day came, but when the canvas was removed, the expectant throng resented the likeness. "This is not our hero," said they indignantly. "Away with it! It is

too coarse and unsightly. Away with it! Let the artist's life atone for the insult." The sculptor pled that it might be first hoisted aloft and placed on its giddy pedestal. The ropes were fixed. As it ascended and the crowd gazed, lo, the features assumed fairer proportions. The brow stood out, the mouth became more shapely. The features grew harmonious, and a shout of joyous exaltation broke forth as it settled down in its place, a statue of surpassing beauty, of marvelous life-likeness.

So it is with our lives. Viewed out of their proper relations, estimated in the disfigurement of their solitary and isolated position, they seem shapeless things, but touched with this faith in the larger unity, helped by philosophy, science and religion to exercise with the poet that double vision which will enable us

"To see near things as comprehensively
As if afar they took their point of sight,
And distant things as intimately deep
As if we touched them."

Then even our poor threadbare and beggarly lives become figures in the beautiful tapestry in which every thread has its meaning, and finally all colors will be made to blend. Our broken systems and fragmentary creeds are passing away. Forms and ceremonies are being remolded, fused, recast. At last our lives are beginning to be conscious parts of the life of all. Our days are fragments of eternity, our consciences one human expression of the divine will.

Bookish Gossip.

Mr. Zangwill is the coiner of a new *jeu de mot* of the erotic, neurotic and tommyrotic order. He calls them "Meredith the Obscure" and "The Amazing Hardy."

Mrs. Tyndall is making good headway with her husband's biography. She has had an enormous correspondence to sift; but at last has reduced it to some sort of order.

Mr. Bruce Rogers, a designer whose book covers and whose decorative initial work in connection with *Modern Art* have made him well known, has cast in his fortunes with Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Mr. Rogers is the Laurence Housman of America.

It is said that Miss Florence Lydia Snow, whose sonnet sequence "The Lamp of Gold" is announced for publication in April, is the cashier of a bank in one of the principal towns of Kansas. A prairie muse climbing to Parnassian heights is a unique figure, even in this tip end of the century.

Several years ago Mr. Alexander Macmillan gave to the wife of a Western publisher and bookseller—who is as proud of his business as of his military title—a copy of Matthew Arnold's "Poems." While a guest at this publisher's house, Mr. Arnold inscribed a sentiment in this book "in remembrance of a most delightful visit." But how well this sentiment and inscription was remembered in after years the readers of Mr. Arnold's "Letters," recently published, already know.

Mr. John Brisben Walker has devised a new scheme of the Saffron order for sending the *Cosmopolitan* out of print promptly on the day of publication. A demand for 380,000 copies of each issue is met with a supply of 310,000. He thus effects a saving in his returns from the news companies, and he sets up the unique claim that by making a demand for the magazine the advertisers are better pleased, and every news dealer doubles his efforts to keep a supply on hand. As soon as the dealer's stock is exhausted the magazine becomes a rarity, the price goes at once to a premium, and everybody is happy. The news dealers

all attributed the scarcity of the January and February numbers to the cover-pictures; but the cat is out of the bag,—it is the short supply.

A writer in the *Sketch* says: "I do not like to see Tennyson maligned. Somebody has been mis-telling the anecdote of the Sandwiches. Tennyson is reported to have said to a footman at a garden-party, who carried round sandwiches, 'Don't like those dry things,' whereupon a lady sitting next to him remarked, 'That's very rude.' Now, the authentic tale is that Tennyson said to the hostess, 'Do you usually make your sandwiches of old boots?' She received this not as rudeness, but as a stroke of Parnassian genius. The Laureate might deck his post with a similar flower of graceful badinage."

The publication of Cardinal Manning's life has naturally raised quite a storm in religious circles. The book is gravely disapproved of by the Roman Catholic papers, and there is a talk of legal proceedings. The circulation, in spite of the great size of the work, has been very good, among the best of recent biographies. The biographer, Mr. Purcell, who is a barrister, and who was consulted in legal matters by the Cardinal, obtained the full confidence of his subject, who had a very high opinion of him.

Mr. Stephen Crane has caught the ear of the public on both sides the Atlantic with his novel, "The Red Badge of Courage," published in America by D. Appleton & Co. Although it is only now that Mr. Crane's name has become generally known, he has been working for three years, and has been warmly admired by Hamlin Garland and Mr. Howells. He has, besides, been dined by the Philistines. Rudyard Kipling, on his last visit to London, was loud in his praises. His book of verse, "The Black Riders," has real distinction, and is sure to make its way to the public heart.

Mrs. Madelene Yale Wynne's book, "Little Room and Other Stories," now in its second thousand, continues to agitate undiscerning readers, many of whom fail to catch in the sequel the solution of the mystery of the initial story. One discriminating critic writes of the collection as follows:

"Because of their delicate, artistic and poetic quality, these stories by Madelene Yale Wynne stand out prominently among many choice volumes of short tales. They are stories which one feels could not have appeared in the mind of an average writer. They are a species of ghost-tale, yet more on the order of psychology problems, and so masterly is their treatment that one quite forgets the author's share in them, and begins to study out some reason for the occurrences, as though they were scientific facts."

Readers of the *Cosmopolitan* may remember a story entitled "Jim Lancy's Waterloo," by Elia W. Peattie, which appeared several years ago. It is a powerful bit of realism founded on fact, and attracted much attention to the magazine, and to the state of Nebraska, in which the scene is laid. The author, who is an editorial writer on the Omaha World-Herald, is widely known in the Middle West as a writer of a number of tales of Western life, full of local color, and characterized by much finish and charm. A collection of these tales, with the title "A Mountain Woman," is announced by Way & Williams (Chicago) for publication in April.

"Jim Lancy's Waterloo" is full of the pathos of life on the frontier, and is such a vivid bit of realism as must delight the hearts of admirers of Mr. Hamlin Garland's "Main-Traveled Roads." All the stories are not of a somber character, however. Some are tinct with humor, others with romance, and all with intense human interest.

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The Liberal Field.

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

EVANSTON, ILL.

The Unitarian church in this city had a sale recently by which the sum of about seventy-five dollars was cleared and a very pleasant evening was spent by the people. This society holds its own, notwithstanding the fact that it has lost, during the four or five years of its existence, all of the families with which it started, save two. It would be quite a large organization if no one had moved away during that time, and as it is it has increased its members somewhat.

OMAHA, NEB.

The last two weeks have been the most extraordinary in the history of the Unitarian church in Omaha. Dr. E. E. Hale, on his way to California, stopped over a few days to visit friends and christen a baby whose mother he had christened some thirty years ago in Boston. Though traveling for his health, he gave us a lecture, which, on one day's notice and with no chance for a public viva voce announcement, yielded \$125, and preached the following Sunday to the largest audience ever gathered in Omaha (up to that time) to hear a liberal sermon. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity, between five and six hundred finding their way in, about as many more, it is said, failing to gain admission. The next Saturday brought us Mrs. Chant, whose astonishing eloquence will not soon be forgotten here. After a lecture in the church Saturday evening it was evident that the church would again prove inadequate to hold the Sunday morning congregation. So it was decided to close the church and transfer the service to Creighton theater. The result justified this course, as fully 1,000 persons gathered to the service in the theater. A Sunday evening service is a very unusual thing with us, but the church was crowded to hear Mrs. Chant. The inexhaustible physical vitality and mental resource of the woman are shown in the fact that besides these three extended and elaborate efforts,

she spoke for an hour in the First Presbyterian church Sunday afternoon, and again at the First Congregational Monday, and all with a serene scorn of any slightest written aid.

SHEFFIELD, ILL.

The ordination and installation of Rev. Stanley M. Hunter as pastor of the Unitarian church at Sheffield, Ill., took place Tuesday evening, February 25, and was an ideal service in every way. The weather was fine and warm, and the church was crowded, as the Sheffield church seems always to be. It has a pleasant habit of being crowded with interested and sympathetic listeners—a habit that we wish more of our churches had. The reading of the scriptures was by Rev. G. N. Putnam of the People's church in Princeton, and the ordaining prayer by Rev. M. J. Miller of Geneseo. Rev. Ida C. Hultin gave the sermon, which was a most finished and eloquent discourse. She opened by referring to the fact that Jesus was said to have taught "with authority and not as the scribes," and pointed out that this "authority" came from his speaking his own personal convictions and not the tradition of the past. And then she developed the idea of the authority and reality of a religion that rested thus on each one's personal convictions and on the present truths of science. She was followed by Rev. B. R. Bulkeley of Chicago, who gave the charge to the minister and pointed out in a few earnest words the two-fold duties of the preacher and the pastor. Our patriarch, "Father" Covell, of Buda, gave the charge to the people and emphasized in the most vigorous way the need of a church "of the people, by the people and for the people." The right hand of fellowship was given by Mr. Gould, the secretary of the Western Conference, who reminded them that he welcomed Mr. Hunter to our fellowship not by any authority given him by the Conference, but by the invitation of the congregation at Sheffield, which had given Mr. Hunter our fellowship by making him their minister. The services were followed by a cordial reception in the church parlors, in which the young and old took part. The full and earnest life of the church speaks well for the last minister, Rev. J. O. M. Hewitt, who was here five

trust him

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years, and it promises well for the success of the present minister, who seems to have won the general esteem during the few weeks he has been here. *The New Unity* extends its best wishes both to him and to the people.

DECORAH, IOWA.

The young people of this city have outlined a plan which they call "The Unity Assembly of Young People." The time for the meeting of this assembly is Sunday evening at 6 o'clock, and all are eligible to membership from ten to forty years of age. The assembly is subdivided into four departments,—one on "Religious Literature and Ethical Culture," another on "Charity and Reforms," a third on "Comparative Religions," and a fourth on "School Science and Civics." Each of these four departments has a separate outline for its study and meets once a month, so that each Sunday evening in the month is occupied by one of the departments. When there are five Sundays in the month a general assembly will be held. The Board of Control of the Society consists of the President, who shall be the pastor, and four vice-presidents, who shall act as department leaders. This Board of Control arranges all details and is responsible for the conduct of the regular meetings. Each department is to choose an appropriate motto and also a department hymn and a department poet. At roll-call the members will respond with a quotation from their poet. A special musical number will be given each evening and also recitations and a paper or address bearing on the department theme. The meetings will continue one hour only. The following are some of the topics to be taken up in the different departments: In the first, "The Place of Poetry and Religion," "Our Hymns and their Authors," "Reviews of Recent Religious Books." In the second department, "Forms and Methods of Charity," "The American Tramp," "Tenement Houses and Sweat Shops." In the third department, "Is Religion a Permanent Force in Human Nature?" "Liberal Thought in India," "The Common Grounds of Faith," "Causes and Cure of Sectarianism." In the fourth department, "The Idea of Government," "Anarchism, Socialism, Na-

tionalism," "The Views of Henry George," "Was Jesus a Socialist," "Is a Republican Government Insecure." We are sure the readers of *The New Unity* will be interested in the working of this new organization in Decorah, and we trust we will hear from them after they have developed their outline into practical work.

WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

Since the last report the treasurer has received the following sums:

Sheffield, Ill. \$10
Rev. G. W. Buckley, Sturgis, Mich. . . 5

The secretary has received from the field the following additional sums.

La Porte, Ind. \$24.00
Westville, Ind. 2.70
Sheffield, Ill. 5.00

Study Table.

The publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly* announce under the general heading, *The Case of the Public Schools*, a series of articles to discuss the payment and standing of teachers in our public schools throughout the country. Over ten thousand teachers have been requested to contribute information as the basis of these papers. The first, appearing in the March issue, is by G. Stanley Hall, president of Clark University, Worcester, Mass.

The material doctrine which all scientific men have been assumed to profess has been attacked in the house of its friends. Dr. Wilhelm Oswald of Leipsic, the author of several standard chemical works, has delivered an address on what he calls *The Failure of Scientific Materialism*, affirming that a theory based on energy should replace the one resting upon matter and force. A translation will appear in *Appletons' Popular Science Monthly* for March.

"DOMESTIC ANIMALS AND THEIR RELATIONS TO MEN."

BY PROF. N. S. SHALER—CHAS. SCRIBNERS SONS.

Everything done by Professor Shaler is well done; and he has a complete power of popularizing topics in discussion so that a thoroughly scientific book is suited to a wide range of readers. His bias is always toward such questions as concern men, animals and the earth. His work just now is developing a series of articles for *Scribner* on "Domestic Animals and their Relations to Men." It is a pretty well established fact that civilization began with our first subjection of animals to our use,—that is with the use of animal power. Professor Shaler thinks that the dog was the first animal to lend his strength to man. The sheep and goat perhaps came next, and then the cow or ox, and then the horse. We owe to the dog then our own first service; and the best service there can now be rendered is to improve his intelligence. The advance of higher power such as wind power and steam power and higher animal power such as camel and horse power has left the dog a waif in society and very generally a degenerate hanger-on. Nothing better can be done than to destroy every dog that has nothing to recommend him as useful. The Scotch collie, the St. Bernard, the Eskimo,

the Newfoundland, and a few more are noble examples of what the dog can be made and has been made. What Professor Shaler says about the elephant as a natural companion for human beings is very interesting. They are, however, such extraordinary creatures in size and feeding capacity that nothing can be expected of them outside of India and Africa. Perhaps a dwarf breed may be developed. We know that elephants as hardy as horses and as small as Jersey cows were once common on the earth. The subject of animals' morals is the one just now of deepest importance and Professor Shaler is doing something to supplement Romanes and Darwin. *Scribner's Magazine* has a fancy for this sort of work and is therefore a peculiarly good home magazine.

E. P. P.

THE LITTLE ROOM AND OTHER STORIES.

BY MADELENE YALE WYNNE.

On first reading "The Little Room" in *Harper's Magazine*, one was half inclined to think that its author had not written a real "tale of mystery" after all, but was just playing a joke on the reader.



Author—Well, what was it, a china closet or a little room?

Reader—I don't know.

Author—Well, I don't know, either.

But Mrs. Wynne did know, and has conceded a bit to the reader's curiosity by giving us a sequel to her title story in the present volume. It points us to the psychology of suggestion, and we run to Mr. Hudson's "Law of Psychic Phenomena," with a feeling of relief that we have not been played upon, after all, but that there is something like a respectable scientific clue to that tantalizing little room. The author might have made the original story more suggestive, a few of us think, by including in it a hint of the sequel. But then that would have denied us a little excitement and lost the story much of its pleasant notoriety. The four stories that complete the volume are all slight in motive, but gracefully told. One of them, "The Voice," is even exquisite in its happy blending of psychical mystery and delicate allegory.—[*The Bookman*.]

THE WERE-WOLF

"The Were-wolf," by Clemence Housman, is a product of the school of which the head is William Morris. The story embodies the mediæval legend of human beings who assumed at times the form of beasts and preyed upon their fellow men. In the present case the wolf, while in human shape, bore the form of a beautiful woman, called White Fell. She appears at intervals at a country homestead, and one after another the persons whom she caresses disappear. Finally, her spell falls upon the powerful young man Sweyn, and she kisses him, thus sealing his doom. But he has a twin brother, Christian, who all along has been suspicious of her true character, but whose protests have been scoffed at. Christian gives his life for his brother, and his blood, falling upon the wolf-woman in the supreme hour of self-sacrifice, performs the office which holy water is fabled to do in the mediæval legend, and were-wolf and hero die together. The picture of life in a mediæval homestead, which the short story gives, would delight William Morris. The opening scene, where the mistress, her sons, and the farm servants are laboring together at various occupations, is especially fine. The illustrations are by Laurence Housman, a brother to the author, and a famous decorator and illustrator. (Chicago: Way & Williams).—[*The Illustrated Buffalo Express*.]

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ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

FRIENDS' SOCIETY, second floor of the Athenæum Building, 18 Van Buren street. Jonathan W. Plumber, Minister.

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nual meeting of stockholders Unity
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o'clock p. m., for the purpose of elect-
ing four directors of the company and
transact such other business as may
come before the meeting.

LLOYD G. WHEELER,
Secretary.

Chicago, Feb. 26, 1896.

BALLAD.

And the King slowly rode in the forest
alone.
From gay court and wild crowd to be
free;
And no bard has e'er sung of a King
on his throne,
The less proud and more courtly than
he.

And full gladly he rides in the fresh
morning air,
And strokes gently his proud stepping
steed;—
When there darts from the wood a wee
lad lithe and fair.
Who quite bold the King's course doth
impede.

Speaks the lad: "'Tis the King I am
wishing to see;
People say he's out hunting to-day!"
Quoth the King: "Shepherd lad, if
thou'lt ride here with me.
The great King we may meet on the
way."

And quite nimbly the child then leap'd
up to the King
And there rode with him happy and
proud;—
While forth pranced his gay charger
with quickening spring,
Snorting fiercely 'till echoes rang loud.

"Tell me, how, when we come to the
huntsmen so gay,
Shall I tell which is King from the
rest?"
The King, answering, said: "When he
meets them to-day,
All salute him, and cheer with a zest.

While the King, proudly seated, un-
cov'reth not his head;
For 'tis he that doth rule o'er the
land!"—
On they merrily ride with a clattering
tread,
'Till they meet with the gay hunting
band.

And all doff their plumed bonnets with
many a cheer,
While the bugle sends forth its re-
frain;—
But the King and the child, when the
huntsmen appear,
To uncover their heads do not deign.

Then, low bending, the King softly
asks to be told;—
"Well, who is the King, shepherd
true?"
And looking up archly, the lad an-
swered bold:
"It must be one of us two!"

WILLIAM H. WINSLOW.

Notice.

If the subscribers to *The New Unity*,
who are sending the paper to me, will
give their address in full on the first
page of the next paper they send, it
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JOHN S. BROWN,
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Bubbles or Medals.

"Best sarsaparillas." When you
think of it how contradictory that
term is. For there can be only **one**
best in anything—one best sarsapa-
rilla, as there is one highest moun-
tain, one longest river, one deepest
ocean. And that best sarsaparilla is
—?.... There's the rub! You
can measure mountain height and
ocean depth, but how test sarsapa-
rilla? You could if you were chem-
ists. But then do **you** need to test it?
The World's Fair Committee tested
it,—and thoroughly. They went
behind the label on the bottle. What
did this sarsaparilla test result in?
Every make of sarsaparilla shut out
of the Fair **except Ayer's**. So it
was that Ayer's was the only sarsapa-
rilla admitted to the World's Fair.
The committee found it the best.
They had no room for anything that
was not the best. And as the best,
Ayer's Sarsaparilla received the
medal and awards due its merits. Re-
member the word "best"—is a bubble
any breath can blow; but there are
pins to prick such bubbles. Those
others are blowing more "best sarsa-
parilla" bubbles since the World's
Fair pricked the old ones. True, but
Ayer's Sarsaparilla has the medal.
The pin that scratches the medal
proves it gold. The pin that pricks
the bubble proves it wind. We point
to medals, not bubbles, when we say:
The best sarsaparilla is Ayer's.

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